

Mothers' Advice

The responsibility for a daughter's future largely rests with the mother. The right influence and the information which is of vital interest to the daughter imparted at the proper time has not only saved the life but insured the success of many a beautiful girl. When a girl's thoughts become sluggish with headaches, dizziness, or a disposition to sleep, pains in back or lower limbs and a desire for solitude, her mother should come to her aid and remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, will at this time prepare the system for the coming change and start this trying period in a young girl's life without pain or irregularities. Thousands of women residing in every part of the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtues of this medicine, and what it has done for their daughters.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—"I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough for what it has done for my daughter. She was 17 years of age, very sickly and pale and she had to stay home from school most of the time. She suffered agonies from backache and dizziness and was without appetite. For 3 months she was under the doctor's care and got no better, always complaining about her back and side aches, I did not know what to do. I read in the papers about your wonderful medicine so I made up my mind to try it. She has taken five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and doesn't complain any more with her back and side aches. She has gained weight and feels much better. I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all mothers of daughters."—Mrs. M. F. Brown, 516 Mary Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

For Love of a Woman; New Romeo and Juliet.

CHAPTER XXXVI. CONSPIRATORS.

"As you could with a penniless adventurer like me," finished Percy Levant. "I understand. And so you succeeded in separating them and—siding her to me. That's quite clear. I've no doubt you managed it very cleverly; I should think forgery and that kind of thing would come easy to you, my dear Churchill."

"Sir! Mr. Levant!" exclaimed Spencer Churchill, pugnaciously, and half-rising from his chair, as he met the steady gaze of the dark eyes. He subsided again, and waved his hand pityingly.

"My dear Percy, you wrong me. What I did, I did as much in the interest of my dear friend, the Marquis of Stoyie, and the young man himself. It was the marquis who assisted me. I assure you. Packed dear Cecil off to Ireland, and kept him there—kept him there—till I'd got his lady-love away."

The curtain stirred behind the self-satisfied, triumphant plotter; but Percy Levant, unseen by his companion, held up his hand warningly.

"Relay? And the marquis is gratified, no doubt. But, after all, this is not my business. I want to know—"

Spencer Churchill leaned forward and dropped his voice, but not so low a pitch but that the listeners on each side of the room could hear distinctly.

"You want to know whom it is you have married. I'll tell you. Wait—you don't know the Marquis of Stoyie?"

"I've seen him," said Percy. "Speak louder. What are you afraid of, man? We are not two conspirators on the stage!"

"Quite right, my dear Percy. Conspirators! Certainly not! We are two men bound by a common impulse to—to—relieve—benefit our fellow-creatures, and—ourselves!"

"Exactly," said Percy Levant. "But go on. Remember that you have just congratulated me on my marriage, and that I am anxious to join my bride."

"Yes, yes. Well, then, are you aware, my dear Percy, that my friend the marquis was once married?"

"I know nothing about the Marquis of Stoyie."

of Stoyie." "That he was married—!" He stopped and laughed with unctuous enjoyment. "When I think of it, my dear boy, I'm always tickled by the desire to laugh. You must know that the young lady had three lovers—the marquis, a certain Jeffrey Flint, and—myself!" and he laid his hand upon his heart and bowed.

As he did so, the curtains opened and three figures stood in the opening. They were those of Cecil, Lady Grace, and the trembling, emaciated form of the marquis himself. White, deathly white, the old man stood, clinging to Cecil's arm, his piercing eyes fixed on the smooth, long-haired head of Spencer Churchill, with an expression that baffles all description.

Percy Levant rose, and, under the pretense of filling Spencer Churchill's glass, made a warning gesture to them. Lady Grace seemed about to speak, but the marquis turned upon her with an awful ferocity, which seemed to deprive her of the power to speak or move.

Percy Levant sank back in his seat. "Well!" he said. Spencer Churchill sipped his brandy and water.

"Well the case stood thus: the girl was engaged to the fellow Jeffrey. Consequently there was no chance for me. So, my dear Percy, I decided, as most men of common sense would have decided, to—ahem!—assist the marquis. I did so, and, bewildered and fascinated by the offer of a marchioness's coronet, Lucy accepted and married the marquis. The result was—er—rather disastrous. With all respect to my dear friend the marquis, I must say, my dear Percy, that if ever there was a fiend incarnate he was one. I don't wish to be hard upon a fellow-mortal—Heaven forbid!—but if there is anything worse, more cruel and selfish and altogether unscrupulous than a fiend, then that being may yield the palm to the most honourable of the Marquis of Stoyie!"

The marquis, shaking in every limb with fury, clutched Cecil's arm, with some difficulty restrained him from rushing upon the oily-voiced speaker.

"Well, the natural result followed. The marchioness fled. Where—and to whom? Why, to her former lover, Jeffrey Flint. No, my dear Percy, her conduct was blameless. She died within a few hours after reaching him. She died, but she left a child, a girl, behind. That girl Jeffrey Flint adopted and called—can you guess her name?"

"Doris Marlowe!" said Percy Levant, hoarsely, and with white lips—for this was a revelation to him.

Spencer Churchill jolted back in his chair with an unctuous smile of enjoyment.

"Right! Quite right, my dear Percy! Doris Marlowe! That is—ah! ah!—Mrs. Percy Levant!"

The marquis staggered, and clutched at Lord Cecil, and Lady Grace was rushing forward, but Cecil raised his hand, and holding her face in his hands, she sank back.

"So Doris Marlowe is the daughter of the Marquis of Stoyie!" said Percy Levant.

"Just so," assented Spencer Churchill. "And now, my dear Percy, that set is out of the bag; the daughter of the

Marquis of Stoyie—! other words, Lady Mary Neville! And the money! Well, I think you won't regret your liberal offer when I tell you that her mother's portion amounts to five-and-twenty thousand a year, and which her father has made a will which will leave all he can leave to her."

For Her Sake; The Murder in Furness Wood.

CHAPTER I. "Sunshine and roses!" cried Diana Cameron. "What more is needed to make one perfectly happy?"

She was answered by a chorus of laughter. "One is easily made happy at seventeen," observed Lady Colwyn.

"I hope," said Sir Royal, good-humoredly, "that sunshine and roses will always content you;" while Richard Marche looked into the beautiful face of the young girl, and said, slowly: "You have much to learn, Di."

"I do not want to learn anything," she replied, with a dauntless air. "I should not care to study philosophy, and be as serenely indifferent to everything as you are, Sir Royal. I should not like to learn to be practical, and analyze every detail as you do, Rich. I prefer my own ignorance."

"What you call ignorance," said Lady Colwyn, "is, at your age, wisdom."

"Wisdom must come from experience," remarked Sir Royal; "and that you cannot hope to gain for the next ten years."

"Much wisdom maketh a man's hair grey," sung Richard Marche. "Yours will keep its color for some years yet, Rich," retorted Diana; and Richard bowed his thanks for the interference.

It was the afternoon of a fair June day; the air was so warm and fragrant that none of the speakers cared

to go indoors. A more striking group would have been difficult to find. The very soul of it, as she was the center of attraction everywhere, was Diana Cameron, daughter and heiress of Peter Cameron of Furness, one of the wealthiest and most successful men of his time. She was a girl with a sweet but somewhat imperious face and a faultless figure. The arched neck, sloping shoulders, and grace of limb, the carriage and noble contour of the head, the classical profile, the line of beauty from the broad low brow to the white throat, recalled the far-famed Diana of the Louvre. Miss Cameron had an uncommon face; it was dainty and refined, exquisite in coloring, with eyes of the deepest, darkest blue, veiled by long dark lashes. Her hair, fine, soft, and fair, broke into rings and rippling waves that defied all control. Her hands, of which she was proud, were beautifully formed, and her shapely arms were white and wax-like. She had perfect taste in dress, and the gowns she wore seemed always of a fashion suitable only to herself. On this evening, as she stood amid her friends, her elegantly fitting dress was simply perfection. She wore no ornaments except a few lilies of the valley. A girl more fresh and charming it would have been almost impossible to find; but the expression of her face, at once gracious, sweet, and proud, nevertheless puzzled those who did not know her. She had the air of one accustomed to command rather than obey; nobility of soul shone from the blue eyes, yet there were suspicious lines about the beautiful mouth indicative of scorn, if aught should call it forth. Diana Cameron, belle of the country, one of the loveliest girls in England, blessed with a sweet sunny temper, endowed with a brilliant intellect, vivid fancy, keen wit, and an artistic soul, was undeniably a favorite both of Nature and of Fortune.

"I had a battle royal to-day, Lady Colwyn," she said, with a little musical laugh. "Hughes, our head-gardener, has ideas of his own, as have I, and to-day we came into collision."

"I have often expected that event," observed Richard Marche.

"Which won?" asked Sir Royal, briefly.

"I did," she replied; "but another such victory would cost me dear. I want white hyacinths for the center of the beds on the lawn next spring. He said they were colorless—preferred something more pronounced. He told me that he had lived fifteen years in the service of his Grace the Duke of Colonsay, and no one had ever called his taste in question before."

"It is not often, Queen Diana, that your subjects rebel," said Sir Royal.

"No," she allowed, with a merry little laugh. "I am amazed at the trouble when I hear people speak of times they have in managing a household. I have little or none. Hughes is my most rebellious subject."

"If I were a subject of yours, I should never rebel," exclaimed Sir Royal.

"And, if I were one, I should do nothing but rebel," declared Richard Marche.

"You must tear yourself away from beloved sunshine and roses," Lady Colwyn observed at this point; "the dressing-bell will soon ring."

"People ought not to trouble about dinner on such lovely days as this," objected Diana, with a lingering look at the roses.

Sir Royal and Richard laughed. "So think not I," said Richard. "And you, Lady Colwyn?"

"I agree with Diana," she replied. "It is hard to leave the roses. How sweet and beautiful they are this year!"

"I think the rose garden is the prettiest spot at Furness," Sir Royal remarked.

(To be Continued.)

Austria Gambled.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.) Austria gambled and Austria must pay her losses. The Hohenzollern-Hapsburg "trust" made a bid for the biggest prize humanity ever had to lose; but humanity won out. It is idle for the new Austrian government to come into court with the plea that it has changed its allegiance and should no longer be held responsible for the stake which its crowned predecessor hung upon the "table" a little over five years ago. If the "black" had won, the people of Austria to-day would be counting their gains.

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The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 1/2 yards of 44 inch material.

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BRITAIN WILL FACE DIFFICULTIES.

MONTREAL, Sept. 16. "I think that there is an impression in this country that Great Britain is staggering under the burden of her tremendous debt, and that she is headed for bankruptcy and is going to the dogs. I want to tell you as one who has some knowledge of industrial conditions and more of finance, that this is not the case. Great Britain is not going to sit down under the difficulties which face her to-day. There never was a time when her people displayed more brain, more nerve, or more enterprise, or were so keenly alive to the necessity of overcoming all obstacles which confront her." In these words Sir Charles Hanson, High Sheriff for Cornwall, member of Parliament for the Bodmin division in the British House and former Lord Mayor of London, roused the enthusiasm of the members of the Board of Trade who assembled to hear an informal address from one of Montreal's former residents, who is to-day her honored guest.

DEMORALIZATION IN EXCHANGE.

NEW YORK, Sept. 16. Utter demoralization prevailed in the foreign exchange market to-day on further collapse of French and Italian remittances. Paris checks fell to a fraction over nine francs to the American dollar, and lire were quoted at ten pence seventeen to the dollar, the latter representing a depreciation of virtually fifty per cent. Bills on Germany and Austria also were offered at new discounts and London rate fell to level, not much above its minimum a few weeks ago.

MUST WITHDRAW TROOPS.

PARIS, Sept. 16. The Supreme Council has agreed to send a note to Germany, saying the Peace Conference disregards the German representation that General Von der Goltz and the German troops in the Baltic States are not under German control and holding Germany responsible for a speedy withdrawal of these forces. Marshal Foch attended the Council to-day as adviser on the Baltic situation.

CONSIDERED STRIKE SITUATION.

NEW YORK, Sept. 16. The Finance Committee of the United States Steel Corporation met to-day and remained in conference for about one hour. At the close of the meeting Elbert H. Garry, Chairman of the Board of Directors, who presided, was asked if the threatened strike had been discussed. He refused to answer directly, but remarked, "The save of Bolshevism may yet strike us."

UNFAVORABLE TO PROPOSAL.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 15. Japan has replied to the United States that she does not favor including Mongolia and Manchuria, as suggested by the American Government at a recent note, in the terms of the concertum which contemplates ad-

And the Worst is

